

First by Yiiiiikes

Series: [Sincerely Yours, Love Me \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, F/M, Letters

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Characters: Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Reader

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Summary:

You loved Steve Harrington. How unfortunate that maybe you still do.

First

Author's Note:

This piece is inspired by the book "Dear My (Blank)"
A book that contains quotes and passages from
letters people wrote and never sent. Thank you for
reading!

I'll be honest.

I was so jealous.

So unbelievably jealous.

But I never said anything. It just wasn't my place, you know? We split up months ago. I had no intentions of getting bitter about it but. Well. I did. And you know what? I had every god damn right. Steve Harrington broke my heart and I was allowed to be upset about that.

So when I heard he and Nancy Wheeler were going steady,

Well I wasn't rushing to congratulate the happy couple, but I didn't go out of my way to be cruel to them either. Don't get me wrong, I was seething but I knew that sweet little Nancy Wheeler didn't deserve to be the victim of my wrath. So I wrote. I wrote angry letters. I wrote angry letters to Nancy. I wrote angry letters to Steve. I wrote angry letters to myself. And I stuffed them all in a heart shaped box that had once contained valentines day chocolate.

When I heard Nancy and Steve broke up, suddenly all of the angry letter I had written to Nancy seemed stupid and immature. So when I got home from school on that crisp early November day, I decided I

would throw away all of the mean letters I'd written to Nancy over the last year. I didn't see any point in being mad anymore. I loved Steve Harrington, and maybe I always would, but frankly it was nothing that needed to be written about and cried over. Not anymore, at least.

So I pulled the box out from under my bed and began tossing sheet after sheet of notebook paper into my trash. Until there was only one left, lying on the cardboard. I hadn't intended to read any of the letters but this one I couldn't help. It was the very first one I'd ever written, the one that started the whole bitter project.

In large scrawling handwriting it read,

"Dear Nancy,

I kissed him first."

A disgusting sense of pride washed over me for a moment before it's replaced by shame and embarrassment. Nancy may have had Steve's love longer, and more recently and maybe he even loved her more than he did me but I knew. I knew that I always had him first.

Author's Note:

gfhskgfhasg this is terrible and im so sorry, i didnt edit this like at all.